

hunger by celoica

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Fingering, Car Sex, Comeplay, First Time, Infidelity, M/M, Rimming

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-15

Updated: 2018-01-15

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:22:16

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,381

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"I don't want Tommy. I want you."

Steve sucked in a breath, sharp and low, catching his lower lip between his teeth. Billy was moving closer, edging an inch or two or five closer, until he was a hairsbreadth away. Steve swallowed, plastering himself up against the car door, handle digging into the small of his back.

"What about Tina?" he suggested, a squeak in his voice. "Tina's got a crush on you, y'know, she's very obvious about it, you have to know, and she's really good at doing this thing with her tong—"

"Steve," Billy said, and it struck Steve so hard it knocked the breath out of his lungs, "shut up."

hunger

Author's Note:

Set after the party during Trick or Treat, Freak. I don't personally consider Nancy and Steve broken up until the next day when they fight, so this is tagged as infidelity. According to the Stranger Things Wikia, Billy is seventeen and Steve is eighteen, so underage has been tagged.

It was gut-wrenching and soul-crushing all at once. It was like someone's taken a carving knife to his chest, shoved him to the ground and started playing This Old Man on the handle. It was devastating. It was like the first time, when he'd seen Jonathan and Nancy together and he'd realized that love was bullshit and didn't matter anyway.

It's bullshit.

They were bullshit. Nancy thought they were bullshit, thought he was bullshit. How did he not see it coming? He should have. Maybe if he had paid more attention to Nancy in the first place, before his entire world had been flipped upside down by the demon in Byers' house. Maybe if he hadn't been so caught up in himself, none of this would have happened. Barb would be alive, Jonathan wouldn't be in his atmosphere, and Nancy would still love him.

Had she ever even loved him? Him, Steve Harrington. Had there been love for him there?

Angrily, he kicked the tire of his dad's car, hands fisted at his sides. He should be used to this before. Just last year, he'd been in the exact same spot. Nancy and Byers, feeling like a ghost in his own relationship—but that had been then, when he'd hated Jonathan because Nancy had liked him, when he'd been a dick just because he could.

Before the night at his house, when Steve could have fled but had stayed because what if they had died and he'd just left, he'd never be

able to forgive himself. Before him and Jonathan hung out while Nancy studied for her chemistry tests, while Will and Mike watched movies at the Wheeler house, while Jonathan asked him for help moving a new bed set he'd gotten for his mom when his car had been broken down.

It hurt, painfully so. It swelled in his chest, a betrayal that cut so deep it felt like he was bleeding on the inside.

He kicked the wheel again. Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit rang through his mind, the image of Jonathan with his hands on Nancy, kind and gentle. He could almost hate them both for it.

Screwing his eyes shut, he took three deep breaths, holding the last until his lungs burned. He didn't feel better—felt worse, in fact—but he felt calmer, less like his head was going to explode.

He turned and slumped against the car, head hanging heavily. Maybe if he cried, if he could force himself to muster up the tears, he would feel better. Maybe—

"Anyone ever tell you you're kind of a fuckin' weirdo?"

Steve inhaled sharply, fingers twitching against his palms. "Not in the mood, Billy."

"You sure?"

"Real sure."

Billy snorted. Steve looked up. The white glow of the streetlamp overhead lit up his ridiculous mullet like a halo. It looked stupid. Jacket gaping open despite the chill of fall breezing in, half a nipple exposed, throat bared. Something wet slicked his chest. A silver ear ring dangled from one ear. He looked like he'd stepped off the poster of St. Elmo's Fire and right into Hawkins, Steve's personal nuisance, hellbent on getting something from him.

"You know stalking's a crime, right?" Steve said, straightening. He propped an elbow against the car hood for leverage. "Very illegal in all fifty states."

Billy smiled, a hint of tongue brushing his lower lip. "You gonna report me, Harrington?"

"I might tattle to your mom if you don't fuck off."

His smile went sharp, more teeth, less tongue. Steve wanted the tongue back. "I dare you."

Steve swallowed, glancing over Billy's shoulder. He'd been forced to park a few streets away, unwilling to risk some drunk asshole bumping into his dad's car. No one else in sight, only the faint sounds of the house party ringing in the air. Whatever Billy wanted, it wasn't going to have witnesses.

"Can't you go bother someone else?" Steve asked. "What about Tommy? Go bug Tommy. He'd like that."

"I don't want Tommy. I want you."

Steve sucked in a breath, sharp and low, catching his lower lip between his teeth. Billy was moving closer, edging an inch or two or five closer, until he was a hairsbreadth away. Steve swallowed, plastering himself up against the car door, handle digging into the small of his back.

"What about Tina?" he suggested, a squeak in his voice. "Tina's got a crush on you, y'know, she's very obvious about it, you have to know, and she's really good at doing this thing with her tong—"

"Steve," Billy said, and it struck Steve so hard it knocked the breath out of his lungs, "shut up."

Billy's lips tasted like beer and tequila, something sweet and heady and bitter. He pressed his hands on either side of the car, boxing Steve in. Steve didn't move, didn't breathe, didn't blink.

Billy pulled back abruptly, stepping away from Steve so fast that Steve stumbled forward. Steadying himself, he shook his head, thoughts spinning in ten directions.

He closed his eyes and counted back from ten.

"Billy, are you gay?"

After a stretch of silence so long Steve lost track of it, he looked up, expecting to see Billy's retreating back. He was still there. Standing still, head jerked away, hair framing his face like a curtain. His fists were clenched. Steve eyed them warily.

"Billy," he said again.

"Shut the fuck up. If you say anything, I'll fucking kill you."

Steve blinked, watching him. "I won't say anything," he said softly. "I wouldn't."

"If you do," Billy said, sharp, a hysterical note that Steve recognized, eyes wild when they jerked to look at Steve, "I'll rip your fucking throat out, do you hear me? I'll fucking kill you. I'll fucking—*kill—*"

Cupping Billy's face in his hands, Steve slanted his lips across his, teeth bumping against Billy's as he dragged him forward. It was rough, nothing tender about it, and when Billy didn't move, Steve started to let go, only to have a fist pull at his hair and drag him closer. Chest-to-chest, fingers digging into the flesh of his cheeks and jaw, they kissed, the world silent around them but for the wet noises of their tongues touching.

It was crazy. Insane. That night at the Byers' house, signing a stack of papers while men in black suits stared him down, hadn't been as insane as kissing Billy. It was nothing like kissing a girl, Nancy or Amy or even Laurie, who liked it rough. The hint of stubble scraped over his jaw, rubbing with his own, the chapped slant of Billy's lips. He didn't taste soft or flowery or like any of the girls Steve had kissed before; he tasted like hunger.

Hungry for Steve, for whatever he could get from him.

If Nancy didn't want him, that was fine. He could be with someone who did.

Steve's fingers clenched over the back of Billy's neck, nose nudging against Billy's as Billy crowded him back against the car again, teeth

sinking into his lower lip. Steve groaned, low and guttural, deep in his throat. Something hard and intense pressed against his stomach, rocking insistently against him.

It's his dick, a voice chimed in his head, helpfully.

"God, I wanna taste you," Billy said, ragged, as he dragged his mouth away, lips trailing over Steve's cheek and down his jawline, teeth worrying the spot beneath his ear. Steve inhaled sharply, squeezing Billy's hip with one hand, hard. "Lemme suck your cock, baby, lemme get my mouth on it."

"Oh my God," he breathed, eyes closing, head tipping back as Billy sucked a mark into his neck. "Fuck, keys, get my keys."

It took a moment of navigating to retrieve them from his pocket, with Billy unwilling to let go and Steve's cock draining all of the blood from his brain to the south. He fumbled, nearly dropping them, until Billy plucked them from his hand and unlocked the back door. Their legs tangled together when Steve tried to open the door.

"For fuck's sake, Harrington," Billy said into his ear, yanking him away from the door. "Stop squirming."

"I'm not squirming."

"Yeah, you are." Billy laughed against Steve's mouth. He tasted like joy.

Irritated, he reached down, cupping the line of Billy's cock through his jeans, thumb pressing into the flesh. It didn't feel much different than touching himself. Billy hissed through his teeth, jerking away and shoving Steve toward the backseat.

Steve grinned, exhilaration trilling through his spine as he folded himself into the seat, scooting back until he was resting against the door. Billy climbed in, limbs awkward as he shut the door behind him. He crouched over Steve, hands on the back of the the front seat, hovering above him. Steve licked his lips. His heart felt heavy in his chest.

"I don't know what I'm doing," he admitted softly, shifting underneath

Billy, hips raising. His cock ached in his jeans.

"You've never had a blowjob before?"

"Not from a guy."

"I figured that." He leaned down, shoving Steve's shirt and jacket up, working his belt open with deft fingers.

He had pretty fingers. Long and thick, nails square cut and neatly trimmed. Steve swallowed down a mewl when those fingers tucked into the edges of his jeans and underwear, pulling them down to his knees, bending down to press a kiss underneath his bellybutton. Billy's fingers trailed down his stomach, dancing a pattern to the crease of his joint, brushing the sensitive inside of his thigh. Steve's cock twitched, head bumping against Billy's throat.

Steve curled his fingers into his palms. "Don't be a tease."

Looking up, Billy grinned. He kissed above the thatch of pubic hair. "I'm not teasing."

"Yeah, you are." His voice sounded strangled to his own ears.

Billy's tongue flicked against the dark circumcision scar. Head falling back against the windows, Steve gritted his teeth, staring at the roof. "I hate you," he said, no heat.

"I know," Billy said, letting out a sharp laugh.

He sucked the head into his mouth, tongue rolling across the tip, pretty fingers curling around the base. He sucked, hard, rubbing the flat of his tongue on the underside, over the thick vein, letting the slit rub against the roof of his mouth. Steve's hips lifted off the seat, shoving his knuckles into his mouth to keep from shouting.

Chancing a glance down, Steve bit his knuckles. Hair wild, eyes dark and wide, pupils blown like he was drugged, Billy looked a mess. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked, tongue dragging over Steve's cock as his head bobbed, fingers tight at the base and squeezing to a rhythm Steve couldn't follow. If his mouth wasn't full, he would probably be smiling.

Steve dropped his hand from his mouth, knuckles slick with saliva, and reached for Billy's face. He touched his mouth, fingertips gliding over the stretch of his lips, pressing in until spit slipped out and dampened his skin. Billy's eyes gleamed, hungry.

"Jesus," he whispered.

Girls had done this, sucked his dick, but it had been perfunctory, teeth and hesitation, like they didn't know what to do with themselves. Billy sucked like he couldn't get enough of it. When he pressed down, when his lips met the tight ring of his fingers, Steve nearly whimpered.

It was tight and hot, slick and so fucking good. His hips jerked up into Billy's mouth, cockhead bumping against the back of his throat. He gagged, pulled off, coughing. Steve grimaced.

"Shit, sorry," he started, fingers reaching forward to touch his jaw in apology, but then Billy flashed his teeth at him, leaning down to suck his balls into his mouth. He moaned, fingers tangling in blond hair, tugging when Billy's tongue pushed between the sac, rolled over his skin.

When Billy's fingers brushed down past his balls, he froze.

"Billy—"

He lifted his head with an audible pop. "Do you trust me?"

Steve choked on a laugh. "No way."

"Just trust me," Billy said, pressing messy kisses to the inside of his thigh. His fingers nudged lower, pressing into the crease of Steve's ass. "If you don't like it, I'll stop."

He'd been touching himself since he was eleven-years-old and figured out that his dick made him feel good. He'd seen hardcore porn before. He'd seen dicks in asses, but it'd always been chick's asses, and not his own that was being offered up in the back of his father's car. It made him feel lightheaded. It made him feel hysterical.

It turned him on. Thick arousal twisted in his belly. His cock

twitched. A drop of precome dripped from the tip. Billy smiled and licked it off.

"Alright," Steve said, dizzy.

Nuzzling against the line of his cock, Billy sucked his own fingers into his mouth, sliding them down between his legs. Steve sucked in a breath, head falling back against the window. His fingers felt huge, pressed up against his hole, and Steve's stomach clenched. Billy's fingers stayed steady, a pressure against him that felt too intimate, too deep despite not pushing in. When he wrapped his lips around the head of his cock and sucked, Steve arched up, fingers curled tight in Billy's hair.

A second finger pressed next to the first, and then pushed in, to the first knuckle. He whined, deep in the back of his throat, eyes snapping open to watch Billy's face. Caught somewhere between pleasure and unease—he was letting Billy Hargrove touch him, suck his cock, fuck him with his fingers, another guy, *Jesus Christ*—he watched Billy suck his cock down, lips an inch off from the base as he nudged his finger deeper.

"Oh, God."

It was too much and not enough all at once, overwhelming every nerve in Steve's body, setting him alight from the inside out. It wasn't a slow burn; it was a forest fire raging under his skin. Billy was an arsonist with clever fingers, and when he twisted and pushed against some spot Steve didn't know even existed, he shouted, jerking into Billy's mouth, grinding back against his finger.

Billy pressed down, crooked his knuckle, and did something inside Steve that he couldn't explain. His body shook with it, trembling in Billy's hands and mouth. He jerked, hips moving against his will, teetering on the edge of orgasm so suddenly he sees stars behind his eyes. Stomach clenching, he made a helpless noise, fingers curling tighter in Billy's hair. It had to be hard enough to hurt, but Billy doesn't protest. Instead, he made a noise in his throat that Steve could feel on his dick.

When Billy pulled away, fingers withdrawing, lapping at the

cockhead with kitten licks, Steve nearly punched him.

Panting, he glared, tugging sharply on Billy's hair. His thighs still shook in the aftermath. "What the *fuck*."

"You'll like this," Billy said, another smile made of teeth. He was enjoying this, the *asshole*. Enjoyed making Steve squirm and pant, enjoyed making him lose his mind in his hands. Steve wasn't surprised. "Turn over. Get on your knees."

Steve blinked, stupid with the pleasure still tight in his belly. "I don't think—"

"I'm not gonna fuck you, scaredy cat," Billy said, shoving up onto his knees. Steve could see the outline of his cock, thick and long, pressing tight against the fly of his jeans. "Have I led you astray yet?"

He watched Billy for a moment before turning, all awkward arms and legs. He ended up kicking Billy in the shin and got a sharp smack against the back of his bare thigh for it. He yelped and then shivered, using his elbows to prop himself up, looking over his shoulder as Billy yanked his jeans and underwear down further. Pressing a big hand between his shoulder blades, Billy pushed him down, spine arching. Steve flushed, exposed.

Hands sliding down to cup his ass, Billy thumbed at the sensitive skin, spreading his cheeks open. Steve closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath. His dick was still hard, slick with Billy's spit and curved against his belly, the sensitive tip brushing against the dip of his shirt.

Billy held him open and *licked* his hole.

Steve choked, something between indignation and surprise stuck in his throat, melding into nothing when it slipped passed his teeth. Billy licked in broad strokes, all flat tongue, thumbs dipping in to press against the edges of his hole. Biting his lip, Steve arched back, pressing his ass into Billy's face, burying his face in his shoulder. He was shaking again by the time Billy slipped a finger, and then two, inside of him, the pads of his fingertips rolling hard against that spot.

His thighs ached, cock drooling precome onto his dad's leather seats. He scrambled against the door, one arm braced to keep him upright. His stomach clenched, pleasure winding along every nerve. On the edge of precipice, he clutched at the seat with his free hand, wounded noises spilling from his mouth. Billy licked deeper, *into* him, pressed harder on that spot.

When Steve came, it was with a whimper, muscles locking up, clutching at Billy's tongue and fingers, as if he could draw them in deeper. He fell forward, knees giving out under him, black spots dancing before his eyes. Blood pounded in his ears, and when he began to pant he could feel his heart steady in his chest, a thick *thud-thud-thud* that drowned out the sounds around him.

Billy bit sharply on the curve of his ass. Steve whined, a broken noise in his throat, like all the sounds that Billy wrung from him. He kissed the spot, soft and tender, and pushed himself up. The *zip* of the teeth of his fly being pulled down drew Steve half from his stupor, and he looked back over his shoulder when Billy manhandled him onto his knees, hands strong and tight, propping him up.

Through heavy lidded eyes, Steve watched him. His dick was out, wet at the tip, thick and flushed an angry red. He had foreskin, Steve noted dumbly, and then wondered what it would feel like in his mouth.

His cock was hot against the skin of Steve's thighs, sliding through the slick mess of spit, bumping below his balls. Brain catching up, he squeezed his thighs together, giving Billy something to fuck into. It was good, slick and hot, Billy's hands branding marks on his hips as he pulled and pushed him into his thrusts, nails biting in with each rough shove. Steve arched his back, biting his lip, rocking into Billy.

Billy was loud when he came, all harsh panting and rough growls. His cock slipped up, over Steve's perineum, between his cheeks and catching on his hole. Billy jerked his hips forward, the head pushing against and in until Steve let out a sharp, startled noise. Billy came inside him, a hot rush, cock twitching against his hole. It leaked from him when Billy pulled back, fingers dipping back inside Steve, like he was trying to push his come inside him, keep it there, keep him full of Billy.

His hands dropped from Steve's hips and he slumped forward again, cheek pressed against the window. His breath fogged the glass.

Somewhere, deep in Steve's sex-addled mind, he knew he was supposed to be freaking out. He wasn't gay, there was Nancy, Billy wasn't even someone he liked. His dad was going to kill him for the car seats. His mom wouldn't be able to look at him if she knew what he'd just done, when she liked Nancy so much, called her a miracle for Steve. Billy's come was leaking from him, dripping down to his balls, making a bigger mess of his thighs. He should call Nancy, make sure she got home okay. He should pound down Byers' door and then his face.

"Do you wanna come home with me?" Steve asked instead, husky and low, still buzzed on the afterglow. He wet his lips. "My parents aren't home."

Billy leaned over him, covering his back with the heat of his skin. He kissed his neck, nuzzling against his throat despite the angle. "Yeah. I do."

He could think about everything tomorrow.

Author's Note:

You can find me on Tumblr @ celoica.